



COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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Articles printed in COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS between 1951 and May, 1971, have been fully listed in the 20-Year Index. The latter may be purchased from the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XXXI

NOVEMBER, 1981

NUMBER 1

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Published by THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES,
Butler Library, Columbia University, New York, New York 10027.

Three issues a year, three dollars and fifty cents each.



Rider Haggard Looks Back

MORTON N. COHEN

RIDER HAGGARD belongs to adventure, to bold, often brutal, action. We do not readily think of him as a man of deep feeling or as someone concerned with the human soul, the spirit. And yet, along with the external, adventurous side of life, the inner, contemplative, spiritual world was enormously important to him.

A manuscript that the Libraries recently acquired on the Mixer Fund is concerned with Haggard's inner being, with memory, and with the meaning of natural promptings, of life itself. The manuscript consists of one and one-half, 8" x 13" pages and is entirely in Haggard's hand. It is evidently a first draft, containing several deletions and additions. We cannot tell when Haggard wrote the essay, but surely it was when he was in his prime, in what he calls his "middle life"; and in the work he takes a long look backwards to childhood and tries to say something significant about the whole of life.

Had the essay been published when Haggard wrote it, one wonders whether it would have pleased the readers of the time. Would those readers not have expected Rider Haggard to reminisce about some remarkable adventures of his and to tell a tale or two of excitement or escape, the sort of thing they had grown to expect from the storyteller?

Indeed, Haggard could have drawn upon a good many personal adventures to write about, for he lived an eventful life and had much to look back upon. He knew, when he wrote the essay, that his name carried a magical ring to it, that it conjured up for the English reader visions of the British Empire in its heyday, and

Opposite: Sir Henry Rider Haggard in Abydos Temple in Egypt in 1924.

that in his way he had become an emblem of that Empire. And he was aware that his name brought to mind, above all else, those rip-roaring adventure stories and strange heroes and heroines, villains and villainesses, with names like Ayesha, Gagool, Umbopa, Allan Quatermain, and Umslopogaas that had become legendary in his own lifetime.

If to the great British public Rudyard Kipling meant India, his friend Rider Haggard meant Africa, for Haggard had done for Africa what Kipling had done for India: each, in his way, opened a faraway, mysterious corner of the Empire to English eyes. Both brought India and Africa from the other side of the world into the English drawing room and made those distant lands subjects for talk over tea and crumpets in polite society.

Henry Rider Haggard was born on June 22, 1856, the eighth Haggard was an eccentric squire of Bradenham Hall, Norfolk; his mother, Ella, a more sensitive creature who wrote verse in odd moments. When Rider Haggard was ten years old, his domineering father thunderingly dismissed him as dull and "only fit to be a greengrocer." In the elder Haggard's view, it would have been folly to spend much money in educating this "whimsical" boy, and instead Haggard *filis* was sent to Ipswich Grammar School and from there, when he was sixteen, to London to prepare for service in the Foreign Office.

During the summer of 1875, when the boy was nineteen, the father picked up *The Times* one day and read that an old friend and Norfolk neighbor, Sir Henry Bulwer, had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Natal. Squire Haggard lost no time: he offered Sir Henry the services of his ineducable sixth son. Bulwer agreed to take the lad, sight unseen, as an unpaid member of his official party that would soon leave for South Africa. Before long, what must have been a startled young man found himself installed as Sir Henry's househo'd manager in Natal.

Haggard worked hard and gave a creditable account of himself. He came to know the strange natives and stranger Boers. He

hunted wild game and travelled through jungle and over veld. He matured, and both he and his superiors grew confident of his abilities. In 1877, when the British annexed the Transvaal, he was selected to run up the Union Jack at the official ceremony in



Rider Haggard (seated on the ground) with members of the Special Commission to the Transvaal immediately before the raising of the Union Jack, May 24, 1877.

Church Square, Pretoria. In the same year, he was appointed English Clerk to the Colonial Secretary's Office and could write home that he was finally earning an income. Soon after that, at twenty-one, he was appointed Master of the High Court of the Transvaal, and although he had no legal training whatever, he did a laudable job of wiping out corruption in the courts and revitalizing a degenerate legal system.

Political tension was rife in South Africa at that time: the British, the Boers, and the Zulus were locked in a death struggle for the possession of the land. Haggard kept a close eye on political developments and thought seriously about his own future. Dur-

ing his only holiday at home, he met, courted, and wed Louisa Margitson, heiress of Ditchingham House and a small estate surrounding it, not very far from his family's home in Norfolk. In 1880, returning to South Africa with his wife and a retinue of servants, he settled down to ostrich farming, but that proved a venture for which he was not equipped by temperament or experience. Moreover, the British were now at war with the Boers, and a future in South Africa seemed less than promising. It was foolhardy of him to expose his wife to the dangers of war, and in August 1881, the Haggards returned to England.

Family responsibilities weighing heavy upon him, Haggard entered Lincoln's Inn to read for the Bar. While studying in London, he also wrote his first book, *Cetywayo and His White Neighbours, or Remarks on Recent Events in Zululand, Natal and the Transvaal*, in which he denounced the Government for shilly-shallying with Britain's interests in South Africa. But in order to get the book published, he had to pay the publisher £50; a year after it appeared, only 150 copies had been sold. Haggard nevertheless kept writing during his leisure time: reading for the Bar did not provide an adequate outlet for his energies.

One day he stumbled upon fiction as a means for channelling some of that unused energy constructively. While he and his wife were in church one Sunday morning, they noticed sitting near them, as Haggard himself put it, "a singularly beautiful and pure faced young lady." Later, they decided that this young lady deserved to be a heroine in a novel, and they each began to write a story about her. Haggard's wife gave up after writing two or three pages; Haggard wrote on until he completed a three-decker novel called *Dawn*. Finding a publisher was not easy, but Hurst & Blackett finally brought it out in 1884.

Dawn is a weird mixture of the novel of manners and what George Saintsbury called the "elements of occult arts and astral spirits." The *Athenaeum* reviewer saw in it a combination of "fatal facility . . . imagination . . . and courage." Although once

again his work did not sell, the few favorable notices were enough to encourage him to return to his writing desk. His next effort was *The Witch's Head*, a hodgepodge of autobiographical detail and aimless excursions into the grotesque. But at one point, when the



Illustration for *She* from *The Graphic*, December 25, 1886.

hero has to escape from England, Haggard sends him to Africa, and once back in Africa, Haggard writes from the heart. Immediately the reader is enthralled by a new kind of adventure story in a strange and distant world. It is an exhilarating experience that places *The Witch's Head* far above Haggard's earlier effort.

Haggard was finally called to the Bar in January 1885, but once there found the ennui unbearable. While his need to earn a living kept him rooted to his profession by day, his demand for adventure and escape drove him to his writing desk in the evening. In the same year that he entered the legal profession, he happened to read a new, popular book entitled *Treasure Island*, and when a brother of his chanced to ask him his opinion, Haggard replied

recklessly that, though it was certainly a good story, he himself could write a boy's book just as good. His brother challenged the boast, and for the next six weeks Haggard worked evenings at a pedestal desk in his house in Kensington, trying to win the wager by writing a tale of African adventure. The result was *King Solomon's Mines*, the first adventure story in English to exploit the African setting, the harbinger of a genre. It whisked the fog-bound London reader to a distant land, far from the British Isles, where the sun was as bright as the jungle dark; it introduced him to primitive cultures, dangerous missions, and narrow escapes. The reader hunts big game, finds treasure, and defeats or outwits wild animals, primitive natives, and the natural elements. It is an astonishing tale with excitement, suspense, and massacre on almost every page. The British public gobbled it up.

King Solomon's Mines appeared in September 1885 and changed all for Rider Haggard. Although he did not give up his legal practice right away, the barrister soon became subordinate to the storyteller. Now that his pen had struck the right vein, he devoted as much time as he could to his writing and completed three more works of fiction in the next six months. The last of these, even stranger and ultimately more popular than its predecessors, was the famous *She*. It contains all the elements of the early African stories, but with a difference. For here we get something new, the mysterious white queen of a savage race of black Africans. She is a magical ruler, too, and has been alive for two thousand years when the English adventurers who populate Haggard's tale discover her. The book was a *succès fou*; Haggard and the book's heroine, Ayesha, became household names.

By 1887 Haggard no longer doubted what his life's work should be. He gave up the law and set himself to writing full time, producing at least a book a year until his death.

He lived mostly in the country and ran his wife's Norfolk estate. He also became a leading figure in agriculture, and although not successful when he stood for Parliament, he managed none-

theless to influence government policy and legislation, mainly through his books and reports of commissions on which he sat. His later works of nonfiction include: *Rural England* (2 vols., 1902), a survey of the state of English farming; *The Poor and the Land* (1905), a report on the Salvation Army labor colonies in the U.S.A.; and *Rural Denmark* (1911), a survey he conducted with a view to improving English farming. From these and his other nonfiction works, Haggard emerges a proponent of an agrarian Britain, an enlightened colonial policy, and a unified Empire. In 1912 he was knighted—not for his fiction, but for his public service.

Haggard lived a life of accomplishment; yet his life had its tragic strain as well. The tragedy of Haggard's personal life was the death of his only son in childhood. The tragedy of Haggard the writer was that he never aspired to the refinements and artistic subtleties of literature—he was content to be a “storyteller.” And yet, so strong was his gift that his tales of bold adventure live on; generation after generation grow up enthralled by them, and movies and television discovered them in turn. Haggard died in 1925, but the Haggard brand of adventure fiction still lives, claiming new audiences all the time.

None of Haggard's adventures enter the essay that we have here, however; in it, Haggard skirts the main, external events of his life. Instead his reminiscences are all wrapped up in sensitive ponderings about the mist of life and the outcroppings of hidden feelings and awarenesses. He does include a few rather ordinary childhood scenes. He remembers being scolded by his parents when he burst into a petulant tantrum and recalls learning one day in church that the Prince Consort had died. This news, he writes, surprised him because he had never before realized that princes were subject “to the accident of death” like ordinary people. Then he remembers his sister's telling him that God is omnipresent and that that piece of information led him to go about searching for God everywhere, under school tables and even in

cupboards. The death theme continues, and he recalls when he first looked upon a dead person. The essay ends with an allusion to "the most terrible reminiscence of childhood" for him, when, one night at bedtime he realized for the first time that he too must one day die.



Rider Haggard, age 7.

The essay is really more about death than life, but Haggard's whole life was in fact a search for the explanation of the great mysteries of life and the relationship between death and life. For in addition to being a natural storyteller, Rider Haggard was also by nature much more sensitive and gifted than ordinary people. He had a keen eye, and he could get at the heart of anything quickly and incisively, be it a book, an idea, or a person. To the people around him, his family, his friends, his fellow club members, he seemed instinctively to know things, almost as if he had

second sight. A nephew of his once recalled that Haggard believed that he was uncommonly attuned to spiritual forces. "A turn of the wheel might have sent him into a trappist monastery," wrote one journalist after interviewing Haggard.

Indeed, when Haggard the lad was in London cramming for the Foreign Office examination, he lived on his own in lodgings for a time, and during those days, became a "frequent visitor" at the home of a fashionable lady in Hanover Square who regularly held séances. The spiritualist fever was at its height in London in the 1870s, and the séances that Haggard attended made a strong impression on him. At one session, he recorded, he saw a massive table that skipped like a lamb and a lady spirit with an elongated neck like Alice's in *Wonderland*. Another account of his tells how "lights floated about the room, and with them a file of *Morning Posts* which normally reposed in a corner. Cold little hands picked at the studs in our shirts, . . . feather fans off the mantle-piece floated to and fro, performing their natural office upon our heated brows," and huge pieces of furniture were piled one atop another.

These sessions shook Haggard considerably, and after one that was more ghostly than the others, he resolved not to return, convinced that he had had quite enough of that sort of thing. "Since those days nearly forty years ago," he later wrote, "I wonder whether the whole thing was illusion, or, if not, what it can have been. . . . I do not believe that it was a case of trickery; rather am I inclined to think that certain forces . . . were set loose . . . which, perhaps, had their real origin in our minds, but nevertheless were true phenomena." Haggard thought about these phenomena through the years and they enter a number of his published stories, *Love Eternal* (1918) for example.

Mysticism had taken hold of Haggard early, and all his life he tried to reconcile with modern science the deep spiritual soundings he sensed within himself. He searched constantly to find some certainty about the fate of the soul. He read Oliver Lodge's

books on psychic research; he studied Eastern religions; he followed the proceedings of the Psychical Society; and he carefully unwrapped and examined Egyptian mummies. The possibility of reincarnation more than fascinated him—he actually believed in it, and he was frequently carried away by fanciful notions related to it. On occasion he made the heroes and heroines of his novels return to previous incarnations, and reincarnations occur frequently in his fiction. Once he is reputed to have said quite seriously to a young lady visitor, “I can see you are the reincarnation of an Egyptian princess.”

Haggard frequently exchanged letters with people who claimed to have had direct contact with spirits. His most extensive correspondence on the subject was with William T. Horton, an illustrator, who, in Haggard’s words, was “a mystic of the first water.” Over a twenty-year period Haggard quizzed Horton through the post about his spiritual experiences. On December 14, 1910, for instance, Haggard wrote him: “It’s all very interesting—oddly enough I was lying awake last night thinking of a mystical romance I have it in my mind to write in which two modern people get *back* to a former life in old Egypt. But it’s a difficult business to do. I suppose your spiritual wanderings haven’t brought you in contact with the Court of Menepthah . . . have they? . . . Do I understand you to refer to separate *incarnations*? . . . I have always had a kind of instinct that there is something in the reincarnation business.” In a postscript Haggard adds, “I suppose there isn’t any receipt for getting oneself back to old Egypt. How do you do it? *I* should like to go.”

For Haggard a belief in reincarnation did not conflict with Christian dogma; in fact, he saw the Resurrection as further evidence of its truth. Haggard explored spiritual avenues far and wide, and he saw his wanderings as healthy rather than dangerous pursuits. He sought the answers to the universal riddles all within a Christian framework.

Actually two essential qualities composed his personality, and

these were sometimes in conflict with one another. He was at once the dreamer and the pragmatist. He dreamed about the past, asserting that he "understood Scandinavians of 800 A.D. and the Egyptians from Menes to Ptolemy far better than his neighbor of the next street in London or the next property in Norfolk." In his autobiography he wrote: "With the old Norse and the old Egyptians I am at home. I can enter into their thoughts and feelings; I can even understand their theologies. I have a respect for Thor and Odin, I venerate Isis, and always feel inclined to bow to the moon!"

He managed somehow to look into the future with the same ease that he looked into the past, and he frequently predicted the outcome of government policies with astonishing accuracy. He could also project himself into imaginary worlds, and he created a good many of them as settings for his fiction.

And yet the dreamer also felt the pressures of his real environment. He had grown up in an age which, bound by the doctrine of duty, taught him to emphasize the utilitarian and to reject dreams as impractical. It was important to live a fruitful, Christian life as loyal husband, providing father, and hard-working citizen of the Empire. One might dream only after duty was done.

In the words of Lilius Rider Haggard, his youngest daughter, his was "a nature both bafflingly complex and childishly simple." Within him clearly struggled many forces, and while the conflicts and the contradictions make him as a person difficult to pin down, these conflicts perhaps generated the sparks of creativity that fired his restless imagination and enabled him to spin the fifty-eight volumes of fiction.

This hitherto unpublished essay does in fact touch the most consistent strain in both his life and his works—his relentless search for knowledge about the hidden recesses of existence and the subsequent disappointment at not having the answers. Haggard's persistent spiritual quest is disguised by those hair-raising adventures in fiction, but it is nonetheless the quest that was born in that narrow room in Norfolk when, as he tells us in the essay, he first

realized that he too would die. We have another account of that awakening to the inevitable, left to us by his daughter. It is more detailed than the one he himself recorded here and is worth noting. It appears that Rider, who usually shared an attic room in the family home with his brother Andrew, had been put to bed one night in the "Sandwich," a dark and stuffy dressing-room. He had difficulty falling asleep, and then all at once he seemed to hear the rustling of a silk skirt. He had been told that Lady Hamilton once stayed at Bradenham, and he feared that her ghost had returned. He jerked the bedclothes over his head and eventually fell into an uneasy sleep. But suddenly he woke up. "The moon was shining through the window so brilliantly that he could see every detail in the room. . . . The leaves danced over the bed. He put out his hand and let them flicker over it—how odd it looked in the moonlight, dead—dead. Then it happened. He realized that one day that hand would be limp also, that he could not lift it any more—it would be dead—he would be dead. The awful, inescapable certainty hung over him like a pall of misery. He felt it would be better if he died at once—he wished he were dead, rather than have to live with that in front of him."

Rider Haggard lived with that ominous realization to age sixty-nine, remembering throughout those years the sudden, new awareness that came upon him in the "Sandwich" at Bradenham. That awareness sharpened his perceptions and provided him with a quest that shaped the course of his life and the nature of his being and his work.

Childhood Reminiscences: An Unpublished Manuscript

H. RIDER HAGGARD

MOST people would find it impossible to fix the exact period of their existence when memory began. The past of our childhood is veiled with a morning mist, through which men and things loom largely. Gradually, very gradually, the mist brightens as at the dawn till at length the backwards-looking mind sees it vanish altogether and there is light, faint and far away, but still light. It is a curious thing to watch a child of six or seven. He is perfectly intelligent, has his likes and dislikes, loves those about him ardently, anticipates, recollects and enjoys. Yet by the time this child is twenty, all memory of very nearly all of this vivid life will have gone from him, his very mother, should she chance to die now, will be but a shadow to him, remembered only perhaps by some one word or look or kiss. Still more curious are the sensations of the man in middle life when he strives to recall the distant past, which is after all so near. As I write these words I look from my window onto a London garden. It is hidden in fog that cloaks the paths and garden beds, but through the fog loom the shapes of trees, and beyond them is a mass that may be houses or any other thing. Through this curtain of reeking vapour come sounds from the distant streets, familiar but undistinguishable. So to the eye and ear of the mind come sights and sounds from our lost childhood, and it is hard to distinguish among them or to give them a meaning and relative value.

One of the first things that I can remember is leaving home with my parents and other members of my family. At first this seemed a

Overleaf: Original manuscript of "Childhood Reminiscences."
(Charles W. Mixer Fund)

Most people would find it impossible to define the exact period of their existence when memory began. The past of our childhood is veiled with a morning mist, through which men & things loom largely - gradually very gradually the mist brightens as at the dawn of day till at length the backward looking mind sees it vanish altogether & there before is light, faint & far away but still light. It is a curious thing to watch a child of six or seven. He is perfectly intelligent, has his likes & dislikes, loves those about him ardently, anticipates, recalls & enjoys. Yet by the time the child is twenty all memory of very nearly all of this vivid life will have gone from him, his very manner, his chance to die now will be but a shadow to him remembered, perhaps by some one round as look at him. Still more curious is it all the sensations of the man in middle life when he strives to recall & distant past which is after all so near. As I write these words I look ^{that looks outwards & gazes away} from my window onto a London garden. It is hidden in fog, but through the fog loom the shapes of trees & beyond them is a mass of may be houses or anything. Through this curtain of reeking vapour come distant sounds from the London streets, familiar but undistinguishable. So to the eye & ear of the mind come sights & sounds from our lost childhood & it is hard to distinguish among them or to give them a meaning & relative value.

One of the first things I can remember is leaving home with my parents. ^{other members of my family} At first this seems a joyous thing - that is in anticipation. But long before the station was reached a reaction set in with such violence & my infantile howls of grief necessitated severe & summary reprimands. I suppose it must have been subsequent to this that I was taken to church & heard ~~the~~ some music.

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that the Dead March in Saul was being played
because the Prince Consort had died. I remember
my astonishment for I had not previously understood
that Princes were subject to the accident of death. ^{indeed}
most of my earliest reminiscences are connected
with religious matters. Thus I recollect ^{the} ~~having~~ ^{being} omni-
presence of the Divinity being explained to me by my
elder sister. As I had doubts upon the subject
I instituted a personal search, beginning under the
school room table & ending in the cupboards.
It proved unsuccessful & I argued the point with
some vigour. It must have been after that
I first looked on death. An old man had died in the
village & I learned that the carpenter who had charge of
his obsequies, to show me the body ^{now} I can see it
now - the ^{coffined} remains of a man very ~~white~~ & stern &
beautiful, dressed in a white robe, & with a pillow
stuffed with shavings beneath his head. I do not remember
that the sight frightened me at all but it made me think.
The most terrible reminiscence of childhood & remains
to me however must have had its origin a year or two
later. I went to bed one night & instead of settling
sat down & began to think. As I thought suddenly
& for the first time I realised that I myself must die
- must cease to play & eat & sleep, to pass away
into the dark of nothingness.

joyous thing, that is in anticipation. But long before the station was reached a reaction set in with such violence that my infantile howls of grief necessitated severe summary remonstrance. I suppose it must have been subsequent to this that I was taken to church and heard some music which struck me. I asked what it was and was told that the Dead March in Saul was being played because the Prince Consort had died. I remember my astonishment, for I had not previously understood that Princes were subject to the accident of death. Indeed, most of my earliest reminiscences are connected with religious matters. Thus I recollect the omnipresence of the Divinity being explained to me by an elder sister. As I had doubts upon the subject and was of an inquiring mind, I instituted a personal search, beginning under the school room table and ending in the cupboards. It proved unsuccessful and I afterwards argued the point with some vigour. It must have been after this that I first looked on death. An old man had died in the village, and I persuaded the carpenter who had charge of his obsequies to show me the body. I can see it now, the confined remains of a man very pale and stern and beautiful, dressed in a white robe, and with a pillow stuffed with shavings beneath his head. I do not remember that the sight frightened me at all, but it made me think. The most terrible reminiscence of childhood that remains to me however must have had its origin a year or two later. I went to bed one night and instead of undressing sat down and began to think. As I thought, suddenly and for the first time, I realized that I myself must die, must cease to play and eat and sleep, to pass away into the dark of nothingness.

The Many Lives of Phoenix

RUDOLPH ELLENBOGEN

PHOENIX, a name that conjures up the image of the Arabian bird of fire and resurrection, is an uncommon and magical name. At the Libraries the name immediately calls to mind the University's first collection of rare books and manuscripts formed by Stephen Whitney Phoenix, a loyal Columbian and remarkable nineteenth century New York gentleman. From his splendid books one has the distinct impression of cultivated taste. There are in his library: a magnificent fifteenth century Book of Hours; a Caxton, Christine de Pisan's *Fayte of Armes and Chyvalrye* (1489); a collection of emblem books; the outstanding nineteenth century illustrated books such as David Roberts' *Holy Land* and his *Egypt and Nubia*, Daniel Giraud Elliot's *The Birds of North America* and George Catlin's *North American Indians*; a splendid copy of a First Folio of Shakespeare; a unique copy of Robert Fulton's *Treatise on Canal Navigation* with the inventor's original drawings; and a collector's treasure, Iamblicus' *De mysterri Aegyptiorum* in a Jean Grolier binding. When the name Phoenix appeared in connection with a netsuke (a Japanese carved toggle used to fasten a purse to a kimono) on exhibit recently at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I could no longer restrain my curiosity to learn more about the collector.

In May 1857, Columbia College, consisting of 154 students, moved from Park Place to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Fiftieth Street near Fourth Avenue which had been remodeled to include chapel, classrooms, library, and living accomodations for the President and some of the professors and their families. The College was in a new part of town: it was years before Madison Avenue was to be paved above Forty-Second Street or even to be opened above Forty-Ninth Street; the Bull's Head cattle yards

faced the College on the east side of Fifth Avenue; special arrangements had to be made with the Harlem Rail Road Company and other omnibus lines to get transportation to the area, and, as *The New York Evening Post* of May 11, 1857, reported, "Potter's Field' is within a stone's throw, and . . . the ends of the rows of coffins, filled with the bones of the unknown dead, are still to be seen protruding from the bank of earth left by the cutting through of the 4th avenue." The College was situated "on a commanding eminence, affording an extensive and pleasant view" with a beautiful lawn and large, old trees. The school was, as described by Horace Coon in *Columbia, Colossus on the Hudson*, "a fashionable day school for the sons of New York's best families."

One such son was Stephen Whitney Phoenix, whose father Jonas Phillips Phoenix had served in Congress, in the New York State Legislature, and as a New York City Alderman. He also served as director, trustee, or president of no less than eight insurance companies and banks. Stephen Whitney, Phoenix's maternal grandfather, whose property at his death was valued at more than four million dollars, also similarly was the director of banks and monied institutions and was the projector and founder of several railroads and canals, having already made a fortune in shipping.

The young Phoenix did well at Columbia, finishing second in his class behind John Crosby Brown, who wrote of their competition on Dec. 18, 1858; "The rank of our class at the last commencement was Brown 99.9 Phoenix 96.4. . . . Phoenix is pushing me like the dickens this year. He keeps even with me in every room, but Mc Vickars, where he beats me because Mac confessed, I do not write plainly & neatly. This is my misfortune. . . . However, being gifted with the gab, I beat him in Pres's room. I thus keep ahead." (Debates were conducted in President King's class.) Phoenix succeeded in raising his average to 98.5, but Brown was successful in holding his own. At graduation Phoenix was to have delivered the Latin Salutatory but could not because his father

had just died. Phoenix continued his studies at Columbia, receiving an A.M. in 1862 and a Law degree in 1863; however, he never apparently practiced law.

During the seventies, Edith Wharton lived a couple of doors



Stephen Whitney Phoenix in his late thirties.

from Stephen Whitney Phoenix, she at 14 West 23rd Street, and he at number 22. Although some years his junior, she spent her teens observing his contemporaries. More than a half-century later she would write in *A Backward Glance* of the men of Phoenix's social class:

[He] was typical of the American gentleman of his day. . . . [His] range of interests, combined a cultivated taste with marked social gifts. Their weakness was that, save in a few cases, they made so little

use of their abilities. A few were distinguished lawyers or bankers, with busy professional careers, but too many . . . lived in dilettantish leisure . . . all the men I mentioned were active in administering the new museums, libraries and charities of New York; but the idea that gentlemen could stoop to meddle in politics had hardly begun to make its way, and none of my friends rendered the public services, that a more enlightened social system would have exacted of them.

This characterization, complete with faults, fits Phoenix well.

We have several descriptions by Phoenix's contemporaries of our nineteenth century New York gentleman which agree with Wharton's. The first is by the writer D. A. Wasson in an account of a three-month cruise to Labrador which appeared in the December 1864 *Atlantic Monthly*. Wasson describes his fellow voyager Phoenix as a "fine Greek and Latin scholar, rich as Croesus and simple in his habits as Ochiltree,—passionately fond of travel,—as well read, I will undertake to say in the literature of travel in Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey, as any other man twenty-five years old in Europe or America,—full of facts, strong in mind, deep in heart, religious, candid, sincere, courageous, at once frank and reticent,—a thoroughly large and profound nature . . . whom it was worth going to Labrador to meet." Phoenix is also described in a memorial sketch by Jacob Bailey Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, as "unostentatious and retiring," and as having "a noble mind and generous heart."

Twenty-six years after Phoenix's death, the architect George C. Mason, Jr., who rebuilt the collector's Newport mansion, Harbour View, dedicated his book *Architects and Their Environment* to Phoenix, recalling "the many delightful hours" of pleasure the two men spent together both in New York and in Newport discussing art and architecture. He remembers Phoenix as the "ideal client" whose pleasure it was to devote himself to literary and artistic pursuits. He was an enthusiastic student of history and genealogy, Mason writes, and he "was a true lover of the arts, in which he placed architecture in the foremost place. . . .

More than once I told him that should he have adopted architecture as a profession and not simply studied it as an amateur, had he done so, he would have assuredly attained eminence in art."

The homes of Stephen Whitney Phoenix were the outward



Harbour View, Phoenix's Newport home.

trappings of his taste and his life. His New York home decorated with the collections gathered on his many travels throughout the world was widely admired and was compared with a museum. He, no doubt, helped his mother select and furnish a summer home in Hudson, New York, a house of exceptional architectural interest that had been twice remodelled by the renowned architect, Alexander J. Davis. Contemporary newspaper accounts describe Harbour View: *The Newport Daily News* on September 22, 1886, refers to his "luxurious bachelor quarters . . . suited to a recluse, a student, and a man of fine tastes, in literature, in science, and in art . . ."; and *The Newport Journal and Weekly News* reported on March 23, 1878, that "Mr. S. W. Phoenix of New York has expended upon his villa on Hallidon Hill enough



The Great Hall at Karnak, Thebes, from David Roberts' *Egypt and Nubia*, 1846, a book that combines Phoenix's passions for travel and fine books, one of the magnificent works left to his alma mater.

money to build a modern cottage. . . ." The article details the additions, including an octagonal music room, billiard room, drawing room, and sleeping quarters decorated with handsome fireplaces, inlaid wood floors with elaborate designs, ceilings, panels, and doors of cherry, oak, butternut, walnut and mahogany. The hand carved flowers and vines all required great skill and expense. There was even a Japanese room furnished with silk screens and decorations that Phoenix had selected on his travels in the Orient. "When completed," *The Newport Journal* noted, "it will be one of the finest houses in that section of the city."

Another person who was impressed by Phoenix was Josiah Collins Pumpelly, a law school classmate and travelling companion, who preserved Phoenix's letters now in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, and who noted on one letter of January 1878, "Letter from Whit—something sacred." These letters, which date from August 1863, following graduation from Law School until December 19, 1880, less than a year before Phoenix's premature death at age 42, best reveal the "nineteenth century gentleman," and his daily routines, travels, and his observations on life, literature, theater, interior decoration, women, science, medicine, and during his last three years, death and life after death.

We see in these letters a sensitive and reticent man who travels widely and reacts to life with seriousness and yet maintains a sense of humor. Even when he is seriously ill in December 1879, he is able to write, "Obesity stares me in the face—six pounds more will entitle me to join the Fat Men's Association . . . fat anaemics are the *bête-noir* of doctors." Phoenix was born to society, but was capable of seeing its foibles and of criticizing it. On vacation near West Point with his mother, he wrote of the social circle into which he was forced:

I can't relish their jokes. Their wit seems to me dull, and flat, and dreary beyond the power of words to express. Their conversation

doesn't interest me. I despise gossip. I hate scandal. Why will they persist in telling me that Mrs. Smith dresses in such execrable taste, or that the Spanish gentleman who is always with Mrs. Jones is not her husband, or that that horrid, vulgar, odious Mrs. Robinson is a mere wretched parvenue and (oh horrors!) the wife of a contractor. I am perfectly willing that it should be true. I'm sure it's no business of mine to superintend my neighbours morals or to inquire too particularly how they made their money, so they do not tread on my corns or interfere in my concerns.

Basically a romantic, Phoenix writes in his letters about long solitary walks in the mountains and his own feelings, "That I am just . . . another dreaming and useless fellow. . . ." who true to Edith Wharton's pattern abstains from politics because he is sure that "a more thoroughly rotten and corrupt, and utterly worthless system than ours never existed since the foundation of the world."

He, therefore, devoted himself to pursuits that were essentially solitary or were done with a few congenial friends—traveling, collecting books and art, architecture, the writing of the genealogy of the Whitneys, camping, fishing or going to the theater or lectures. Traveling added meaning to his life. "The world is 'all before me whence to choose,' and I don't much care where I go, if I can only escape for a while from the crowd of people who bore me. A terrible nuisance, I find it, this faculty of being bored by almost everybody one meets . . ." (July 10, 1971), but at another time he wrote of the necessity to "travel intelligently." Consequently, he studied hieroglyphics and bought more than fifteen hundred books on travel by Sir Richard Burton, John Lewis Burckhardt, Edward Robinson, and others, that now are prized in his library at his alma mater. As he traveled he also collected specimens for his herbarium and objects of art to decorate his homes.

When at home he spent massive amounts of time and effort on his genealogical work on the Whitney family, and it is recorded that he sent 14,000 letters of inquiry in compiling it. During the

period of this work we have a letter, dated October 10, 1863, in which he records his daily life:

I work from breakfast till dinner pretty faithfully—but after dinner



Robert Fulton's original drawing in the extra-illustrated copy of
A Treatise on the Improvement of Canal Navigation, 1796,
in the Phoenix Library.

is devoted to loafing as of yore. I put on an easy old felt hat or cap, stick a segar in the left corner of my mouth, thrust my hands into my pockets, and saunter out for a quiet stroll—without a thought as to the direction in which it may please Providence to send me. Somehow or other, I generally find myself in Sixth Avenue; for *there* no one is very critical as to my dress or my things. I invariably loiter before all the shop windows, take a good long countrified stare at everything that is moral and much that is not, stop a moment at the “Woodbine” to enjoy a toby of old ale and perchance a rare-bit. Then I cross over to Broadway, passing very often through Eighth St. and lingering a moment or two before your old winter quarters to think of the many pleasant moments I have passed in that dingy old room. Then, if I feel low spirited I laugh for an hour with Mrs. John Wood. Or, in a soberer mood, I listen to Booth in the character of Hamlet, or Shylock, or Iago, or Richelieu. And I return to my little room happy and contented, at a reasonable hour, feeling that I have passed a pleasant and

profitable evening and quite willing to leave the more exciting styles of pleasure to gayer and more brilliant men. Cousin Steve calls this mere vegetation. If it is, may I be perennial!

Alone, he read Darwin and approved, and struggled with his religious beliefs. "I have one earnest, heart-felt hope for you," he wrote to his friend Pumpelly in August 1879, "that you may never feel the torture of religious doubt. It is constitutional with me, I believe, and the more I struggle against it the more skeptical I am. I would give worlds for your faith and trust in the future. You may think me indifferent to such things but I am far from it. I am too near my end for that. . . ."

Phoenix died of cancer one hundred years ago this month on November 3, 1881. He willed his art to the Metropolitan Museum where he had been a trustee (but had never attended a meeting), his genealogical books to the New-York Historical Society, and his herbarium to the American Museum of Natural History. Columbia, where I suspect he may have been happiest, reading and studying, received a generous bequest for the School of Mines as well as his library. Taste has changed in art; the American Museum of Natural History no longer has a Botany Department; the scientific equipment purchased for the School of Mines has made its contribution and is now out-moded; but the books present a different story. The Book of Hours, the emblem books and the other rarities in his extensive library continue to excite admiration in the students and scholars whose research depends on them—and therein lies Stephen Whitney Phoenix's phoenix-like existence.

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

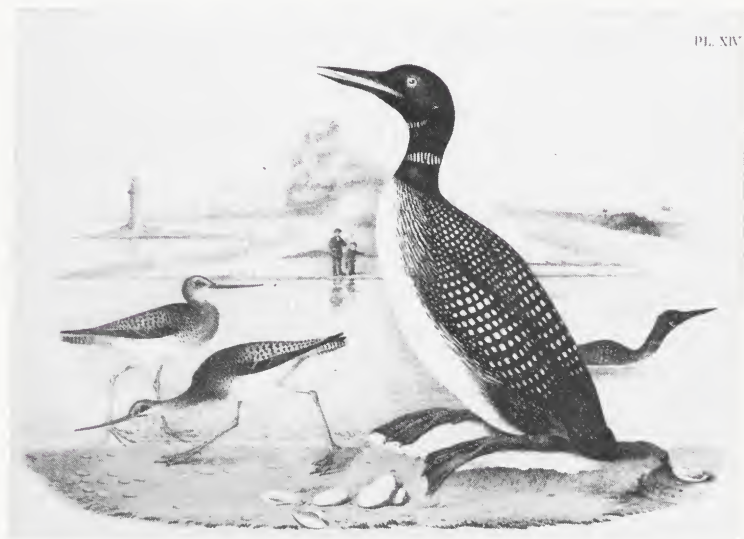
Banning gift. The Libraries' holdings of political campaign memorabilia has been enlarged through the gift by Mr. John P. Banning, Jr., of a collection of nearly nine hundred campaign buttons and badges, including: 400 relating to races for Mayor of New York City and Governor of New York State for the period, 1898-1974; 450 pertaining to various candidates involved in the 1972 and 1976 Presidential Campaigns; eleven ribbons with attached medallions issued for delegates to the Republican and Democratic National Conventions from 1916 to 1960; and a complete collection of the twenty-four campaign buttons produced for the Norman Mailer-Jimmy Breslin 1969 New York City Mayoral Campaign.

Barnett gift. Dr. A. Doak Barnett, professor of political science at Columbia from 1961 to 1969 and now senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, has established a collection of his papers with the gift of approximately 3,500 manuscripts, notes, proofs and correspondence relating to his major publications, *Cadres*, *Bureaucracy and Political Power*, *China and the Major Powers* and *China's Economy in Global Perspective*.

Barzun gift. More than two thousand letters, papers and inscribed books have been added by University Professor Emeritus Jacques Barzun (A.B., 1927; A.M., 1928; Ph.D., 1932) to his collection, including correspondence with Mortimer Adler, Lillian Hellman, Frances Steegmuller and Robert Penn Warren.

Beinecke gift. A fine copy of Jacob H. Studer's *The Birds of North America*, New York, 1895, has been presented by Mr.

William S. Beinecke (LL.B., 1940). Published under the auspices of the Natural Science Association of America, this folio edition contains 119 color plates based on drawings made from nature by Theodore Jasper and revised by John Graham Bell.



The Great Northern Diver Loon, from Jacob Studer's
The Birds of North America. (Beinecke gift)

Braden gift. Mr. William Braden has recently donated, for addition to the papers of his father, the late diplomat and mining engineer Spruille Braden, approximately 160 letters, inscribed photographs, passports, certificates, diplomas and printed materials. The correspondence, dated from 1946 to 1977, includes letters from Joan Crawford, J. Edgar Hoover, George Meany, Rafael Trujillo, Harry S. Truman, Olav V of Norway, and numerous other friends and associates in the diplomatic world.

Brown gift. Mr. James Oliver Brown has donated more than eighty thousand letters, memoranda and contracts of authors whom he has represented through his literary agency during the

past four decades. Included in the gift are extensive files relating to Louis Auchincloss, Cecil Beaton, Frank Buck, Erskine Caldwell, Herbert Gold, A. J. Liebling, Alberto Moravia, Jessica Mitford, Katharine Anne Porter, James Purdy, Eleanor Roosevelt, John Selby, Jean Stafford and Harvey Swados.

Grynberg bequest. An important collection of first editions and autograph letters has been received in a generous bequest made by the late Mrs. Sophie Grynberg in memory of her husband, Roman N. Grynberg. Included among the more than one thousand volumes are twenty-four works inscribed by Edmund Wilson and three inscribed by Vladimir Nabokov: *Pale Fire*, 1962; *Speak, Memory*, 1966; and *Dar*, 1952. There are also first editions of the Russian writers Anna Akhmatova, Ivan Bunin and Osip Mandel'shtam. Among the manuscript items in the bequest are twenty-eight letters each from Nabokov and Wilson written to the Grynbergs, the holograph manuscript of Nabokov's poem "Romanu i Sone ot geroia 'Dara'" ("To Roman and Sonia from the hero of *The Gift*"), and the corrected proofs of Wilson's "Seeing Chekov Plain," an essay published in *The New Yorker* in 1952.

Jagendorf gift. Shortly before his death last January, Dr. Moritz Jagendorf (A.B., 1912; D.D.S., 1916), author and folklorist, donated his collection of more than 1,100 volumes in the fields of American, European and oriental folk literature, as well as first editions of nineteenth and twentieth century fiction and poetry, many of which are inscribed or autographed. Among the authors represented are William Blake, Sir Thomas Browne, Carl Carmer, Joseph Conrad, Anatole France, Lafcadio Hearn, George Moore, Edgar Saltus, Emile Verhaeren, Walt Whitman, Edmund Wilson and Israel Zangwill.

Jaszi gift. Mr. Andrew O. Jaszi, son of the scholar and Hungarian government official, the late Oscar Jaszi, has presented the lengthy

and important correspondence exchanged between his father and mother, Anna Lesznai, during the period 1943-1954. The four hundred letters in the gift have been added to the Oscar Jaszi Collection which was established in 1972.

John gift. Miss Lenore John has presented a handsome eighteenth century manuscript of the Koran, illuminated in gold and colors, and in the original oriental binding.

Judd gift. Mr. George E. Judd has presented a collection of erotica, comprising approximately two hundred volumes of writings in the fields of anthropology, medicine, psychology, art and general literature, which the donor assembled during the past five decades to reflect the changing morality and attitudes towards publication of this type of material. Dating from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries, the collection is particularly strong in English language texts and includes first editions by William Burroughs, John Cleland, William Faro, D. H. Lawrence, Frank Harris, John Addington Symonds and other British and American writers, as well as translations of celebrated foreign works by Sacher-Masoch, Petronius, Pierre Louÿs, Lucian, Longus and Apuleius. The gift also includes encyclopedias, bibliographies, periodicals, anthologies and pictorial works.

Kellogg gift. Mrs. Helen Hall Kellogg has donated a group of original and printed designs of covers for the magazines *Survey* and *Survey Graphic*, edited by her late husband Paul Underwood Kellogg. Included in the gift are nineteen original cover designs by Wilfred Jones, as well as drawings for illustrations and miscellaneous proofs and other printed materials, dating principally from the 1930s and 1940s.

Kenworthy bequest. The Library and papers of the late Marion Edwena Kenworthy, professor of psychiatry at the School of Social Work, 1921-1956, have been received by bequest. Among the

files of correspondence, memoranda, photographs and clippings are letters from Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert H. Lehman, Karl Menninger and Eleanor Roosevelt.



Original drawing for the cover of the July 1932 *Survey Graphic*.
(Kellogg gift)

MacLachlan gift. Miss Helen MacLachlan (A.B., 1918, B.) has presented seventy-one volumes from her library, including first editions by Theodore Roosevelt, Walter de la Mare, Kenneth Graham and Josephine Johnson, as well as books presented to her over the years by her godfather, John Masefield, among which are works by John Betjeman, Edmund Blunden, Rose Macaulay, Sean O'Faolain and Victoria Sackville-West. Also presented by

Miss MacLachlan is a manuscript given to her by Masefield's daughter Judith: *Old Bill the Huntsman*, a narrative poem for children, written and illustrated with watercolors by Robert Graves and inscribed by him to John Masefield on April 22, 1917.

Myers gift. A collection of seventeen letters, postcards and manuscripts by the Irish writer Padraic Colum (D.Litt., 1958) has been presented by Professor Andrew B. Myers (A.M., 1947; Ph.D., 1964). Included are an inscribed photographic portrait, a type-written manuscript of four stanzas from the poem "The Wild Ass," and letters to Peter Russell, Marshall Bean, Pirie MacDonald and William Stanley Braithwaite. Professor Myers has made his gift in memory of Colum and Professor James L. Clifford, both of whom were his teachers at Columbia.

Parsons gift. More than two hundred volumes have been added by Professor Coleman O. Parsons (A.B., 1928) to the collection of Scottish literature which he established in 1976, including first and collected editions, dating from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries, of the writings of Robert Blair, Thomas Craufurd, George Drummond, George Fraser, John Gerrond, Richard Glover, James Grant, David Lindsay, David Malcolm, Allan Ramsay, William Tennant and other poets, dramatists and novelists. Of special interest in Professor Parsons' gift is the group of books printed in, or relating to, Galloway, a district in southwest Scotland, among which is an interesting example of provincial printing: William M'Dowall, *Poems, Chiefly in the Galloway Dialect*, 1828, printed for the author by J. M'Nairn in Newton-Stewart.

Randall estate gift. From the estate of the late John Herman Randall, Jr. (A.B. 1918; A.M., 1919; Ph.D., 1923; L.H.D., 1968), and through the thoughtfulness and generosity of his family, we have received the papers and correspondence of the distinguished

philosopher who taught at Columbia from 1925, and was Woodbridge Professor of Philosophy from 1951 until his retirement in 1967. There are notebooks pertaining to his writings, course notes, lecture materials, awards and photographs, as well as the manuscripts for *The Career of Philosophy*, *Aristotle* and other of his books, articles and essays. There are also letters from John Dewey, Corliss Lamont, Reinhold Neibuhr and other philosophers.

Random House gift. Random House has added to the collection of its papers more than thirty-three thousand letters and documents from its editorial files, 1971–1976, and publicity department files, 1977–1978, including correspondence with James Jones, Mary McCarthy, Arthur Miller, Henry Miller, Eudora Welty and Ronald Reagan.

Rickover gift. Admiral Hyman G. Rickover (Sc.D., 1960) has presented a collection of papers of his wife, the late Ruth Masters Rickover (A.M., 1929; Ph.D., 1932), including her course notes for Professor Joseph Chamberlain's lectures on international organization and international waterways, drafts of her manuscripts on public health and other topics, and copies of her publication.

Sanger gift. An important collector's edition in the field of Scottish literature has been presented by Mr. Elliott M. Sanger (B.Lit., 1917): Robert Burns, *Songs, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, printed by James McKie in Kilmarnock in 1869. Bound in full green levant morocco, it is one of thirty copies on large paper numbered and signed by the printer, and is extra-illustrated with ninety plates and portraits of Burns, many being proofs, by Westall, Stothard and other prominent nineteenth century artists. The copy also bears the bookplate of Robert Hoe and is signed by the collector on the flyleaf.

Schapiro gift. University Professor Emeritus Meyer Schapiro (A.B., 1924; Ph.D., 1931; D. Litt., 1975) has presented three

notable early editions: Guillaume Fillastre, *Le premier* [-second] *volume de la Toison d'Or*, Paris, Anthoine Bonnemere for François Regnault, 1517, the second edition, illustrated with eight full-page and numerous small woodcuts; Oronce Finé *Le Sphere du*



Jonah and the whale as depicted
in a woodcut in Guillaume Fillastre's
La Toison d'Or. (Schapiro gift)

Monde, Paris, Michel de Vascosan, 1551, bound in full vellum; and Roland Fréart, Sieur de Chambray, *Idée de la Perfection de la Peinture*, Paris, Nicolas Langlois, 1672, a landmark work in the history of French art.

Thomson gift. The distinguished American composer and music critic Mr. Virgil Thomson (Mus.D., 1978), has presented a collection of his literary papers, comprising the notes and drafts for more than fifty articles and essays, including those which appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune* in the 1940s, reflecting his special interests in modern music, American hymns and the performance of music in Europe. Also in the gift are the manuscripts and papers relating to six of his books: *American Music Since 1910*, 1971; *The Art of Judging Music*, 1948; *Music Reviewed: 1940-54*, 1967; *Music Right and Left*, 1951; *The Musical Scene*, 1945; and his autobiography *Virgil Thomson*, 1966. There is also the manuscript for Gertrude Stein's *Bee Time Vine*, published in 1953, for which Thomson wrote the preface. Letters from Lincoln Kirstein, Alfred A. Knopf and Man Ray, as well as 125 reels of tapes of 54 programs by Thomson on radio station WNCN in New York, are also included in the gift.

Wagner gift. Mrs. Phyllis Cerf Wagner has presented several important groups of papers for inclusion in the Bennett Cerf Collection: fifty-eight volumes of diaries kept by the publisher from 1915 until his death in 1971 in which he recorded his busy and full schedule of activities, social engagements, travels, publishing events and meetings with authors; twenty-seven scrapbooks in which he preserved photographs, clippings, Random House advertising leaflets and other personal and publishing memorabilia; more than 250 photographs of family and friends; and letters from numerous public and publishing figures, among them, Edna Ferber, Moss Hart, Lyndon B. Johnson, John O'Hara, Jacqueline Onassis, Richard Rodgers, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gertrude Stein and Harry S. Truman.

Recent Notable Purchases

Engel Fund. A single important manuscript has been acquired this year for the Solton and Julia Engel Collection: the letter written by James Fenimore Cooper to Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay from Dresden on July 26, 1830. Closely penned on three pages, the letter, addressed to the daughter-in-law of John Jay, was written by Cooper shortly after the publication of *The Water Witch* and discusses his travels in Italy and more particularly his stay in Rome. The letter will be the subject of a future article in *Columns*.

Friends Endowed Fund. A number of rare editions of literary works have been added to the collections this year by means of the Friends Endowed Fund, including three proof copies: Frank Harris, *Shakespeare and His Love*, one of six proof copies issued by the Chiswick Press in 1904, six years before the published edition, inscribed affectionately to the author's former mistress, the actress May Congdon; Edith Sitwell, *Gold Coast Customs*, London, 1928, proof copy with the poet's extensive corrections on virtually all of the pages; and Sitwell, *Rustic Elegies*, London, 1927, proof copy with approximately fifty corrections by the author. Among other works acquired were: Joseph Conrad, *The Dover Patrol* and *John Galsworthy: An Appreciation*, the first state of both pamphlets printed in Canterbury in 1922; Thomas Hardy, *Some Romano-British Relics Found at Max Gate, Dorchester*, 1890, in the original wrappers; Eudora Welty, *Twenty Photographs*, a portfolio issued in a limited edition of ninety copies by Palaemon Press of Jackson, Mississippi; and Oscar Wilde, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, London, 1898, one of thirty copies of the first edition on Japanese vellum.

Mixer Fund. Manuscripts of poems by Paul Éluard and Raymond Radiguet and inscribed books by Edmond de Goncourt, Pierre Louÿs and Émile Zola have been acquired on the Charles W. Mixer Fund, including: the heavily corrected page proofs of Louÿs' *Vie*

des Courtisanes, 1892; Goncourt's *La Faustin*, 1882, inscribed to Joris-Karl Huysman; and Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, 1875, the author's first successful play, inscribed to Goncourt and with the bookplate of Havelock Ellis. Manuscripts by Radiguet are rare, so the working drafts of four early poems—"La Reine des Aulnes," "Impubere," "Callipyge" and "La Guerre de Cent Ans"—acquired on the Mixer Fund are an impressive collection of the work of the precocious French genius who died in 1923 at the age of twenty. Also acquired were the first issue of Ernest Hemingway's *The Spanish Earth*, 1938, with the pictorial endpapers, and a fine copy of Norman Douglas's first book of fiction, *Unprofessional Tales*, 1901, published under the pseudonym Normyx.

Ulmann Fund. The recent acquisition on the Albert Ulmann Fund of the Bible published by the Bremer Presse has brought to the rare book collection one of the most impressive books to come from a German private press in this century. Issued in five folio volumes from 1926 to 1928, the work has lettering for the titles and initials by the German calligrapher Anna Simons, and is a splendid example of the monumental simplicity for which the Bremer Presse became known. Among other examples of fine printing acquired on the Ulmann Fund is *A Bestiary* by Roald Kristian, printed at the Ovid Press by Jean Varda and John Rodker in 1920. The volume is one of 110 numbered copies and bears the bookplate of John Quinn.

Activities of the Friends

Fall Meeting. The composer and author Virgil Thomson, who recently presented a collection of his literary manuscripts, was the speaker at the fall dinner meeting of the Friends, held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Thursday evening, October 29. He spoke on Gertrude Stein, with whom he collaborated in 1934 on the opera "Four Saints in Three Acts." University Librarian Patricia Battin presented the Libraries' Citation for Distinguished Service to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Kempner in recognition of their gifts to the Libraries over the years, their long service to the Friends, and their recent contribution for the construction of the exhibition room in the new Rare Book and Manuscript Library quarters. President Michael I. Sovern also spoke, and Mr. Gordon N. Ray presided.

Winter Meeting. On Thursday afternoon, February 4, 1982, an exhibition will open in the Rotunda of Low Library of letters, manuscripts, inscribed first editions, photographs and portraits of M. Lincoln Schuster, co-founder of the publishing house of Simon & Schuster.

Bancroft Dinner. The Bancroft Awards dinner will be held on Thursday evening, April 1, 1982.

Finances. For the twelve month period which ended on June 30, 1981, the general purpose contributions totaled \$28,545. Special purpose gifts from individual Friends designated for the Rare Book and Manuscript Library building fund totaled \$475,431. Members also donated and bequeathed books and manuscripts having an appraised value of \$216,924. The total of all gifts and contributions since the establishment of the association in 1951 now stands at \$3,829,645. The Council also approved a transfer of \$10,000, the first installment of a pledge of \$25,000, to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library building fund.

THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES

AN OPPORTUNITY

The Friends assist the Columbia Libraries in several direct ways: first, through their active interest in the institution and its ideals and through promoting public interest in the role of a research library in education; second, through gifts of books, manuscripts and other useful materials; and third, through financial contributions.

By helping preserve the intellectual accomplishment of the past, we lay the foundation for the university of the future. This is the primary purpose of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

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Patron: \$200 per year.

Sustaining: \$100 per year.

Benefactor: \$300 or more per year.

A special membership is available to active or retired Columbia staff members at thirty-five dollars per year.

Contributions are income tax deductible.

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